

# CHAIN

A SONG OF IRE AND VICE

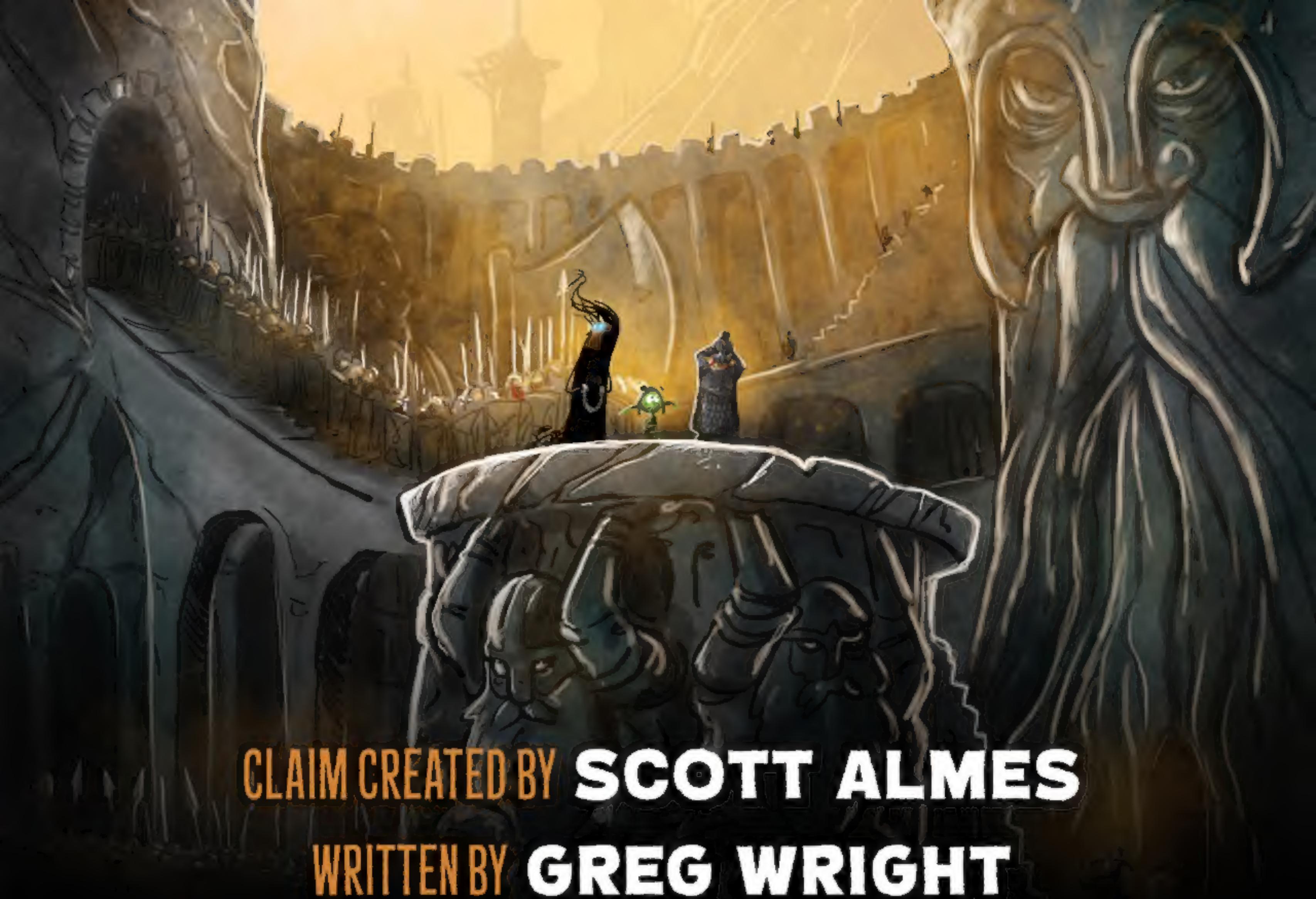
#2 OF 4



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ALMES WRIGHT DIMITRIEVSKI BIRCH





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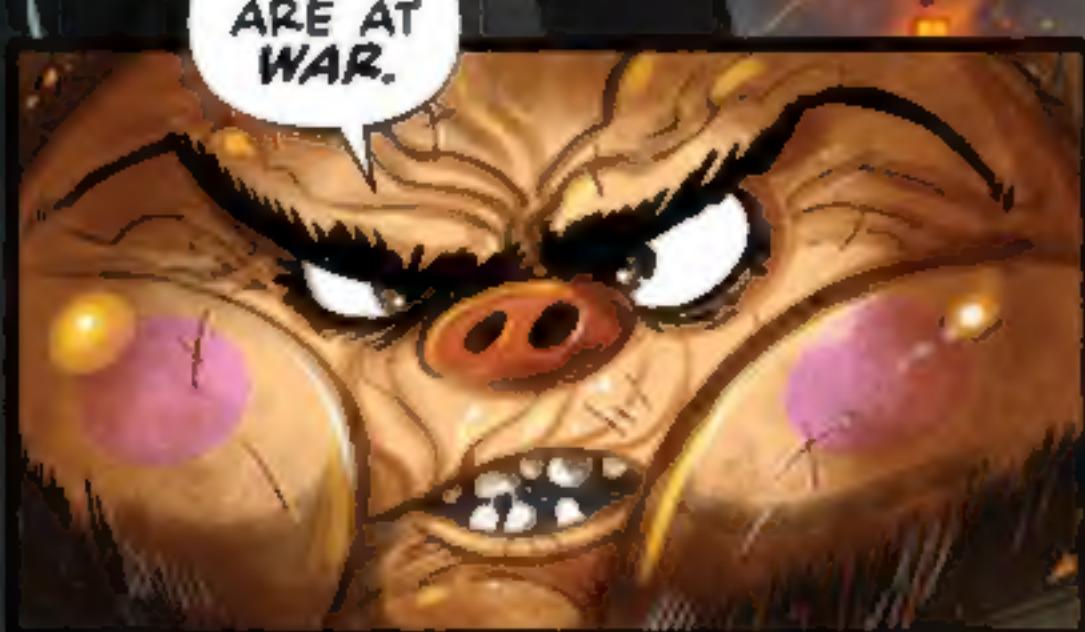
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AND THOUGH  
WE STRUGGLE TO  
CLAIM THE THRONE FOR  
OUR HARD-WORKING  
DWARF POPULATION...  
THERE IS A DISTINCT  
LACK OF PIE IN  
THIS ROOM.

I SHALL  
INVESTIGATE  
THE PIE SUPPLY,  
YOUR  
MAJESTY.

**QUEEN BUTTERNUT:**  
DWARF QUEEN.  
PROUD. TOUGH. NOT  
REALLY HUNGRY BUT  
CRAVING PIE.

**HOLLY BRANCH:**  
LEAD MERCENARY  
WARRIOR AND  
KNOWER OF THINGS.

AND DO  
YOU HAVE A  
PLAN FOR THIS...  
SITUATION?

THE... "PIE  
SITUATION," YOUR  
MAJESTY?

I MEANT  
THE "CLAIM-  
THE-THRONE  
SITUATION,"  
HOLLY.

YOUR  
ARMIES CAN CRUSH  
YOUR ENEMIES.  
PRINCESS PUMPKIN  
IS CONVINCING THEM  
THEIR MIGHT MAKES  
RIGHT.

LET US GO! WE'RE  
ENCAPTURATED  
AGAINST OUR  
WILL!

IN THE  
COURTYARD... I  
RECOGNIZE THAT  
VOICE! I'LL  
INVESTIGATE.

AND...  
THE PIE?

THAT  
TOO, YOUR  
MAJESTY.

DOP:

AND THE DOPPELGANGER WHO HANGS OUT WITH HIM? THEY'RE KIND OF LIKE THE HEROES OF THIS STORY OR SOMETHING.

ROB GOBLIN:

YOU REMEMBER THIS IDIOT GOBLIN MERCENARY, RIGHT?

PRINCESS PUMPKIN:

VERY GOOD AT PRINCESSING AND ROUSING RABBLES.

WE AREN'T SPIES!

EXACTLY THE KIND OF THING A SPY WOULD SAY.

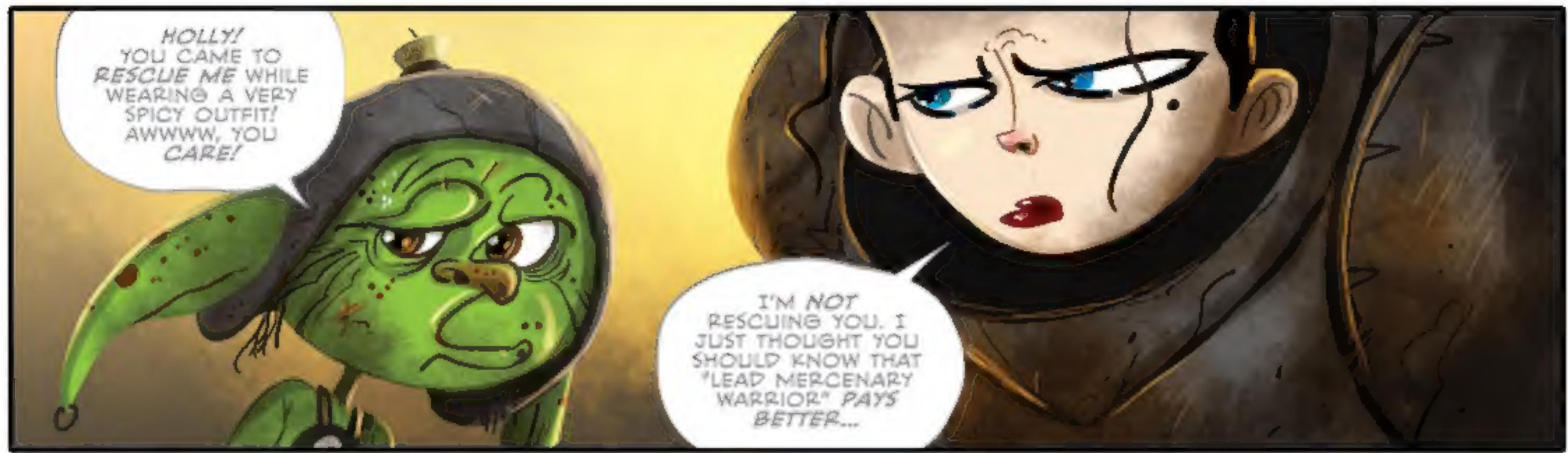
IF I CONFESSED TO BEING A SPY, WOULD THAT CONVINCE YOU THAT I'M NOT?

WAIT, YOUR MAJESTY! DON'T KILL THEM YET. THEY MIGHT BE USEFUL.

THEY'RE ALREADY USEFUL. MY EXECUTIONERS NEED EXERCISE.

THEY CLAIM THEY WANT TO JOIN US AS MERCENARIES.

WE JUST WANT TO GET RICH KILLING PEOPLE. IS THAT SO WRONG?







ASSASSINS  
EVERWHERE ARE  
TRYING TO DESTROY  
QUEEN BUTTERNUT.  
YOU TWO IDIOTS  
CAN GUARD HER  
FOOD.

DOES  
EATING COUNT  
AS ELIMINATING  
THREATS?



CAREFUL  
WITH THAT  
FORK, YOUR  
MAJESTY.

IF YOU STAB  
YOURSELF, I  
THINK DOP AND  
I GET DOCKED  
PAY...



SO WHAT'S  
YOUR PLAN  
FOR CLAIMING  
THE THRONE?

SHOULDN'T YOU  
HAVE GUYS LIKE ME AND  
DOP OUT MASSACRATING  
YOUR ENEMIES INSTEAD  
OF BEING LIFEGUARDS  
FOR YOUR SOUP?



THE  
LOYALTY OF  
MY DWARF  
ARMY IS  
KEY.



MY DAUGHTER PRINCESS  
PUMPKIN IS A MOTIVATIONAL  
SPEAKER, AND SHE'S GIVING  
A SPEECH ABOUT LOYALTY  
RIGHT NOW.

YEAH, SHE'S VERY  
MOTIVATIONAL. SHE  
ALMOST LITERALLY  
MOTIVATED MY  
HEAD OFF!



DEATH TO ALL OUR  
EXPLOITERS!

WHAT EXACTLY  
IS THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN A MOTIVATED  
CROWD AND AN  
ANGRY MOB?







MY  
DAUGHTER  
IS OUT THERE!  
PROTECT  
HER!

OKAY,  
OKAY! I'M  
GOING! JUST  
THOUGHT I SAW A  
BAD GUY HIDING  
IN THIS DELICIOUS  
SOUP! HERE I  
COME!

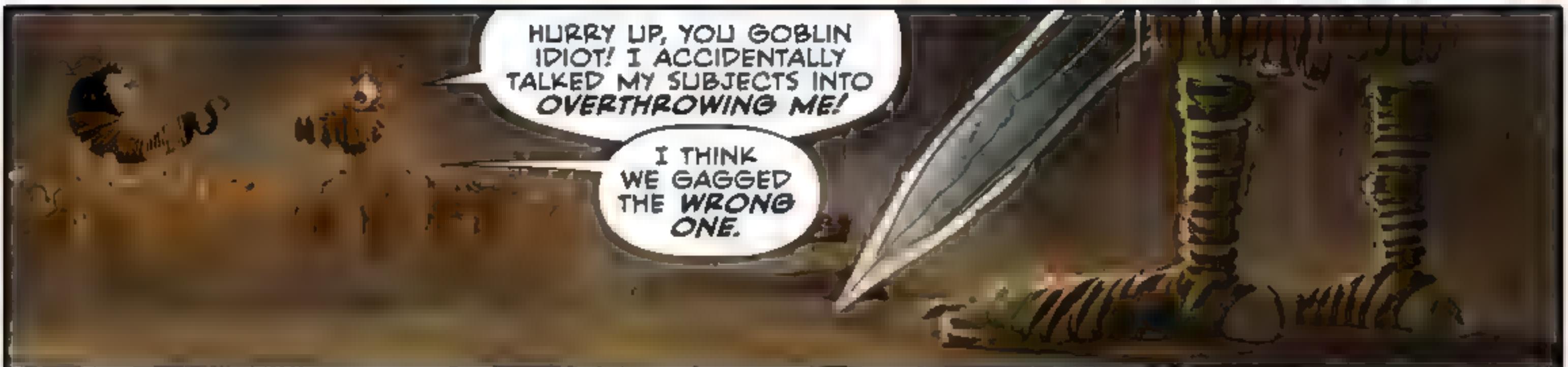
WAAAAAAAAT  
A MINUTE...

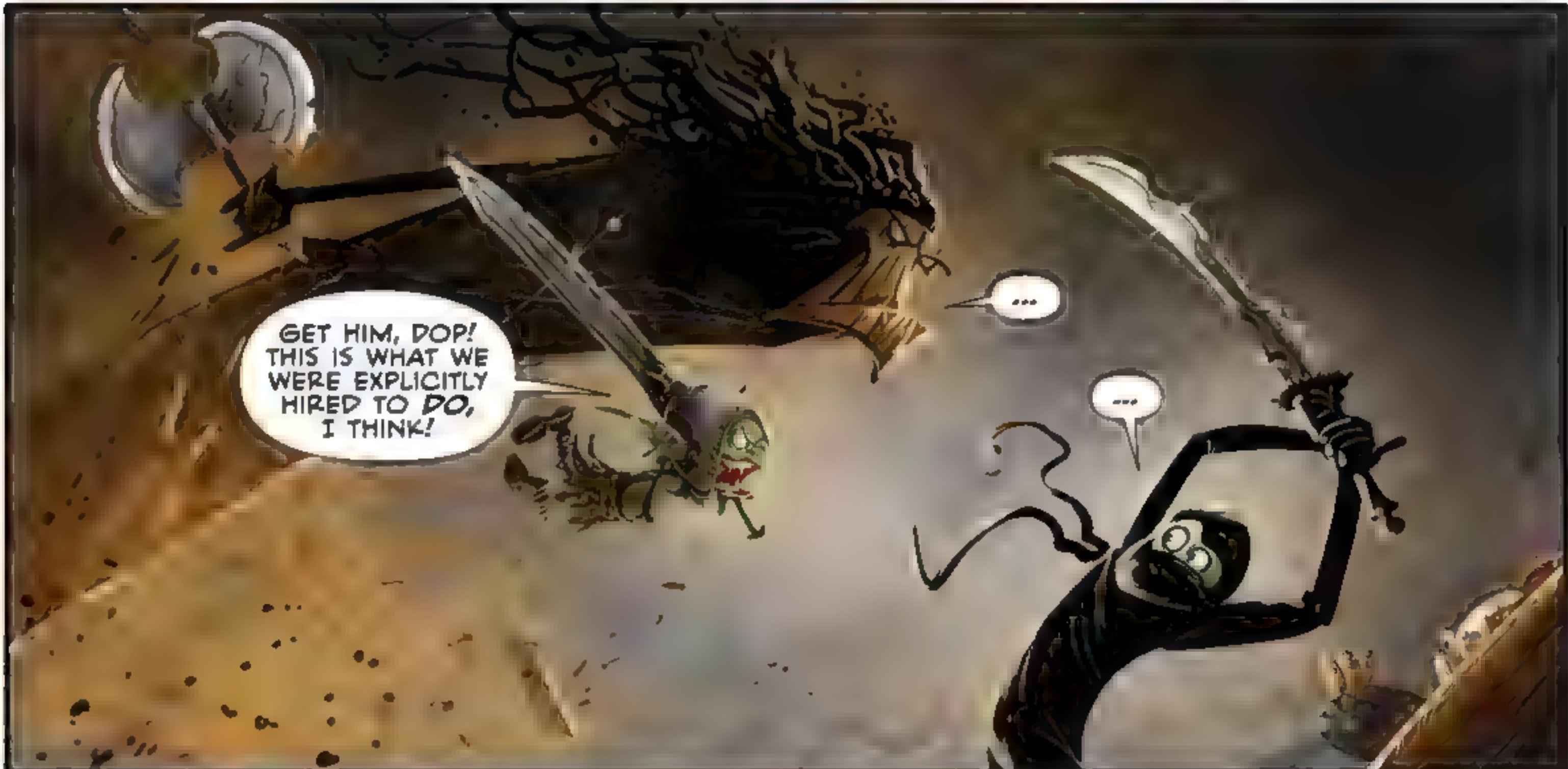
YOU'RE ONE  
OF THE CHEFS  
HERE, AREN'T  
YOU?

CAN YOU GET  
MORE OF THOSE  
LITTLE CAKE-  
DEALIES?

AH,  
ADDING SOME  
OF THAT SKULL-  
AND-CROSSBONES  
SEASONING, HUH?  
LOOKS TASTY!

I'VE  
GOT TO GO.  
CARRY ON!





SHING  
TANG  
CHOP  
HACK









HOLY CRAB CRAP IN A CAP! DOP, IS THAT YOU?

DOP, DO YOU KNOW THIS MASSIVE, DEADLY DRAGON?

IT'S ME! YOUR SECOND COUSIN, DOUBLE P!

WOW, DOP. I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT ANYONE IN YOUR FAMILY WAS... TALKATIVE.

ISN'T THIS WHOLE CLAIMING THE THRONE THING WILD? ME AND A BUNCH OF DOPPELGANGERS ALL WORK FOR ASH THE LESSER. YOU SHOULD JOIN UP!

BUT WE'RE JUST TWO MISERABLE FAILURES...

PERFECT! YOU'LL FIT RIGHT IN WITH ASH THE LESSER.



LAST NIGHT  
I HAD BEAUTIFUL  
NIGHTMARES FILLED WITH  
PLAGUES OF LOCUSTS  
AND PLAGUES OF BLOOD  
AND PLAGUES OF  
JUST REGULAR  
PLAGUES.

ASH THE LESSER:

DOESN'T BELIEVE  
IN ANYTHING BUT  
DESTRUCTION. KIND  
OF A BUMMER.



THEY INSPIRED  
ME TO WRITE A  
POEM. BUT IT WAS  
SO PURE THAT  
HEARING IT WOULD  
BE LETHAL. HERE'S  
A LESSER POEM  
INSTEAD.

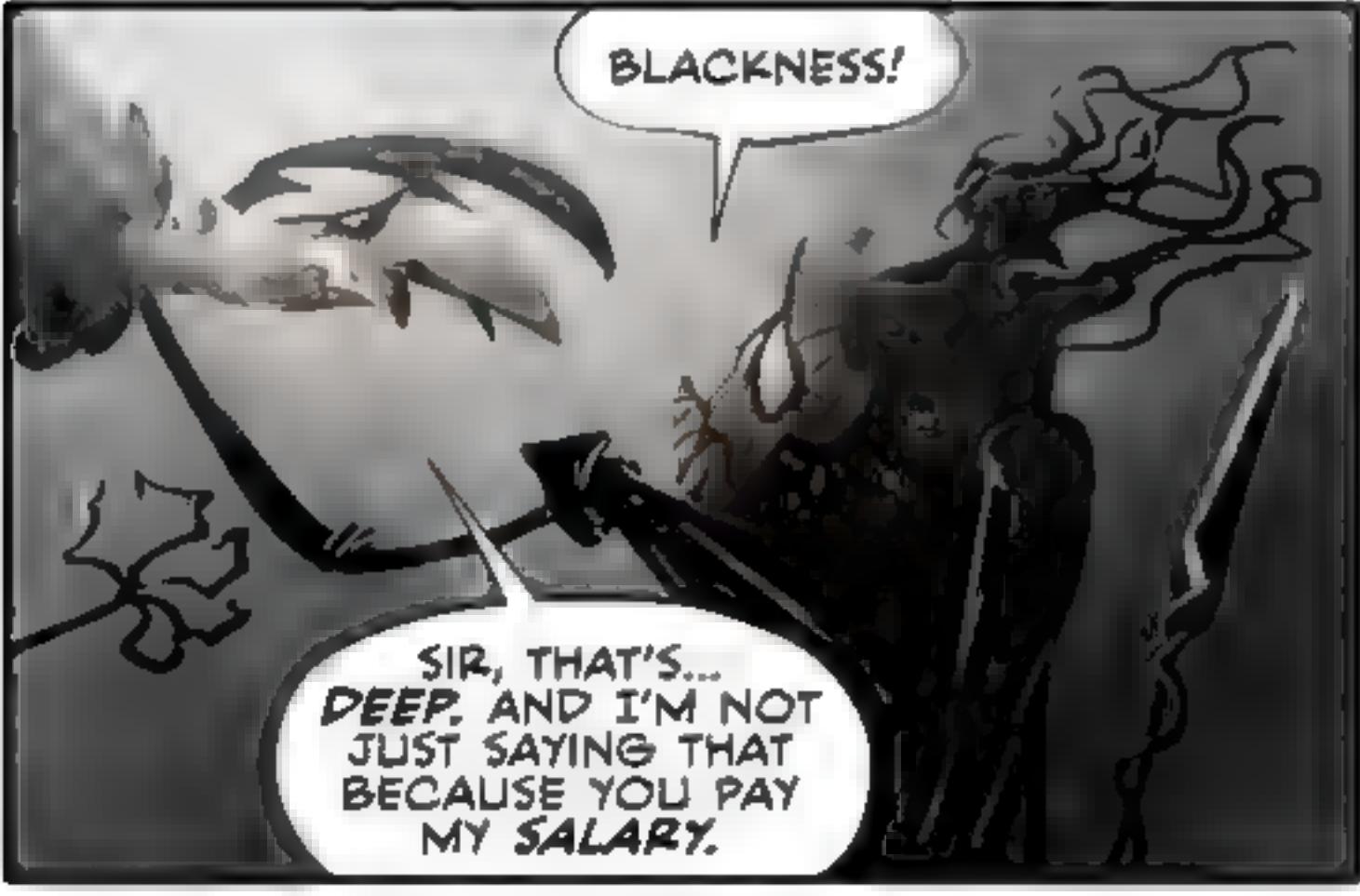
BLACKNESS!

BLACKNESS  
EVERWHERE. IN  
MY B-HOLE. IN  
THE AIR.

NOTHINGNESS  
IS MY  
EVERYTHINGNESS.

EVER SEE A  
RAINBOW OF  
JUST BLACKNESS?  
THAT'S MY SOUL.  
IN A COFFIN.

BUT  
ALSO UP IN THE  
AIR. YOU CAN'T  
SEE IT BECAUSE  
OF ALL THE...  
BLACKNESS!



BLACKNESS!

SIR, THAT'S...  
DEEP. AND I'M NOT  
JUST SAYING THAT  
BECAUSE YOU PAY  
MY SALARY.



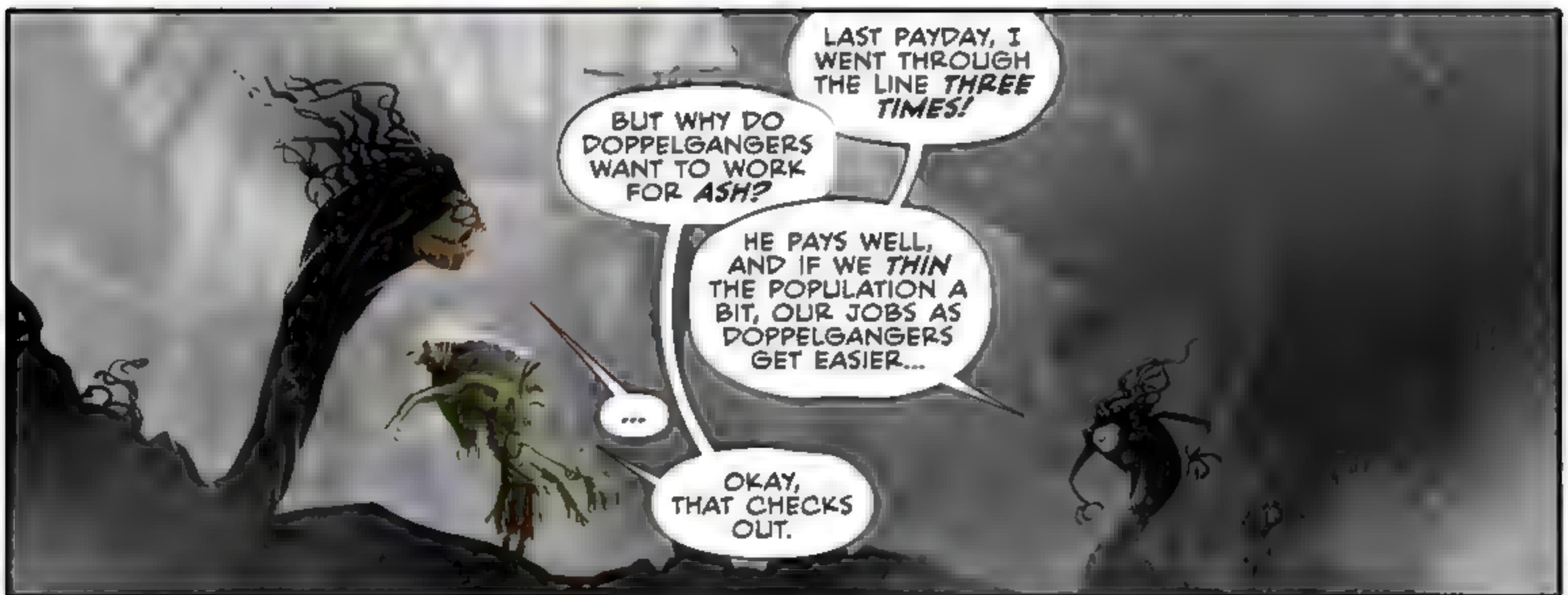
WILL I  
EVER CLAIM  
THE THRONE?  
IT DOESN'T  
MATTER.

DISAPPOINTMENT  
IS MY ONLY FRIEND.  
AND HE'S NOT EVEN  
A VERY GOOD  
FRIEND EITHER...

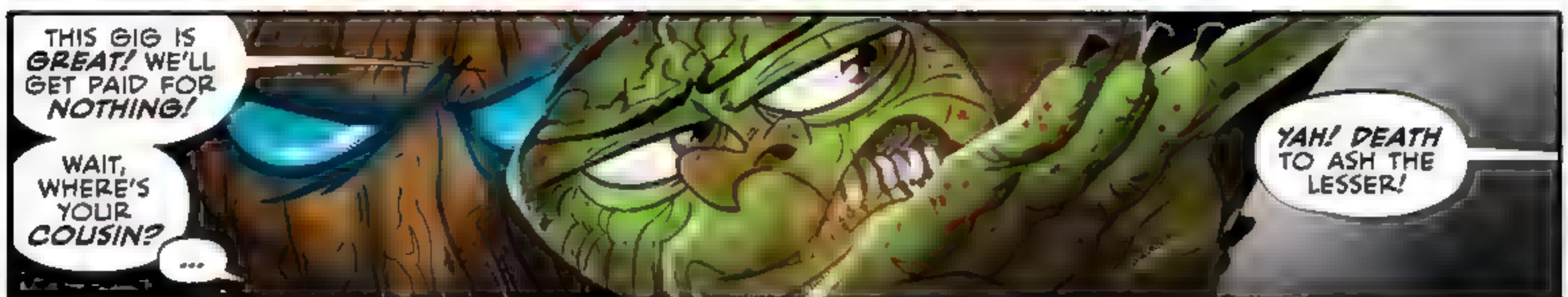


I MEAN, HISTORICALLY,  
HAVE ANY RULERS EVER  
SUCCEEDED  
LONG-TERM?

CAN YOU THINK  
OF EVEN ONE  
PERSON FROM  
HISTORY WHO'S STILL  
ALIVE TODAY?









HOLD ON.  
REMEMBER ME?  
DOP'S SECOND  
COUSIN, DOUBLE  
P? THE TALKATIVE  
ONE? YOUR  
FRIEND?



NOTHING  
MAKES SENSE.  
NOTHING IS ALWAYS  
THE ONLY THING  
THAT MAKES  
SENSE.



IT WAS MY IDEA TO FAKE AN ASSASSINATION  
ATTEMPT TO KEEP THIS WHOLE MERCENARY  
THING PROFITABLE WHILE WE ALL  
DO NOTHING...

RIGHT. I'D  
ALREADY FIGURED  
THAT OUT. THANKS  
FOR EXPLAINING  
IT TO THESE  
DUMMIES,  
THOUGH.



THIS  
JUST GOES  
TO SHOW  
YOU...

EVEN IF YOU  
STICK YOUR WHOLE  
FOOT IN YOUR EYE,  
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO  
SEE WHERE YOU'RE  
GOING.



I'VE GOT  
AN EMPTY,  
DESPERATE  
GESTURE TO  
MAKE!

HE'S MOVING  
QUICKLY! THAT  
CAN'T BE  
GOOD! STOP  
HIM!



I'LL PROVE  
TO YOU ALL THAT  
NOTHING MEANS  
ANYTHING!

HE'S PRETTY  
FAST FOR  
A SCRAPPY  
GUY, ISN'T  
HE?



THE WORLD  
SHALL BE DEPRIVED  
OF MY MELANCHOLY  
GENIUS! THAT'S HOW  
MEANINGLESS  
EVERYTHING IS!

SEE? I AM  
BURNING  
MY OWN  
POEMS!



THAT WAS HIS  
BIG GESTURE?  
BURNING  
HIS STUPID  
POETRY?

I GUESS IT  
WORKED. I FEEL...  
NOTHING.



WE  
SHALL SET  
THE ENTIRE  
WORLD ON  
FIRE!

JUST PAY  
US FIRST  
PLEASE!



DO YOU SMELL  
SOMETHING  
BURNING?  
COULD  
IT BE...THE  
WORLD?

